

Hugs never made it better

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Category: Hamtaro
Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort
Language: English
Characters: Snoozer
Status: Completed
Published: 2014-05-19 00:50:53
Updated: 2014-05-19 00:50:53
Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:01:58
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,382
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Just a short story told from Snoozer's point of view.
Something. It's something. It's not too much. I'll write more next
time. Promise. ;)

Hugs never made it better

**I probably shouldn't be writing another story during the writing of another one, should I? Hmm. I will make this a short one-shot. After all, I'm stumped when it comes to writing Another Sandy and Maxwell Story. I'm hoping other stories such as this will help give me reason to finish that story. Anyway, if you've read this and you've decided to read the FanFiction, well...I hope you like how I decided to characterize Snoozer in this one.**

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><p>AARGH. AAAAAAAaaa. Aaa. It's not fair. Not one bit. It shouldn't have happened like that. No, it shouldn't have. Why did it then? Hmm? Why did it start out so blissfully but end so harshly and painfully? I have no right to be angry. I still have my health, right? My home here in the Clubhouse? My friends? No. They don't like me. Those people aren't my friends. They never talk to me. They always leave me alone. Although |<p>

Maybe that's their way of being polite. I always lie around in this sock away from the other Ham-Hams. They obviously respect me enough to allow me to sleep. That's good. But...it still doesn't feel right. This is how it has always been. Why is that? Why have I always slept for so long? Why did I force myself to stay in this sock, away from all of the others. It wasn't a good decision. It couldn't have been. It ruined my ability to interact in any reasonable way with the other Ham-Hams. I hate it. I hate my life. I hate everything. I hate the other Hams. Why are they my friends? Why couldn't I spend my time with more Ham-Hams that were like me? Are there such Ham-Hams? Is there such a club I could have found myself in?

No, I can't go on thinking these things. Boss is a great Ham. He takes care of me like a brother, even though he really had no reason to. No one had a reason to acknowledge my existence, yet they feel the need to greet me everyday when they walk in through the front door. That's nice. I like that. Especially when...no. I don't want to think about it again. I don't want to think about her again. It's absurd how much I hate it when she's around. I always liked it when she was there. She was so beautiful. She still is beautiful. Maybe she's gotten more beautiful after so what seems like so much time. It feels like it has been a long time since we first met. Has it really been that long? Has it been months? Years? Who can tell. I know I certainly couldn't tell you for sure.

I suppose that you could say that this always happens to those who are in love. I think that's how that works. I couldn't tell you for sure. I feel stupid. I feel like I don't know anything anymore. It can be frightening sometimes to feel this way, yet, at the same time, it feels humbling. The few times that I have ever actually talked to the Ham-Hams were during times of distress. I would give them words of advice, although I never truly knew whether or not what I said was helpful or not. I always talked based on what I could hear between naps. Because of this, sometimes I feel like I don't know enough about the current situation the Ham-Hams are facing, so I keep my mouth shut just in case I say the wrong thing. I wouldn't want to be embarrassed.

They probably think lowly of me. They probably think that I'm too stupid to be able to talk to them. Maybe they think that I have some sort of mental handicap. Maybe...maybe I should stop thinking these things. They won't help me at all. What did I begin this for anyhow? How am I able to lose myself in thought, yet unable to express myself verbally in even a fraction of the same way? This seems to happen a lot to me when I get upset, and I get upset only when I remember my past. When I tell stories to myself of what happened then I just bring more negative feelings into my heart, and if I'm not careful, I could harm the Ham-Hams as well. Not in a physical way, of course, but I wouldn't want to offend, say, Stan, by remarking on how shallow I feel he can be.

Stan. Stan. I...don't dislike him. Stan never did anything wrong to me. He prefers not to bother me, but he does this in a respectful way, from what I can tell. It just disappoints me whenever he acts the way he does around others, mainly girls. He doesn't directly disrespect girls in any way, but when he is attracted to one, it's almost as if he forgets...well, no, I shouldn't say that like that. I would cause everyone to misinterpret the whole meaning of my message. In short, Stan never goes about asking out girls in the right way, so when he is successful, it truly feels like a slap to the face for me. Slap...to the face? In the face? What is the correct idiom? Or expression? Ugh, I shouldn't stay hung up on such meaningless things. I even almost forgot that it was morning.

The Ham-Hams have arrived by now. Only Pashmina and Penelope weren't here, but since Pashmina has to wait for Penelope so they can arrive together, this isn't much of a shocking revelation. I made myself face the center of the Clubhouse, looking down at the table from the location of my sock. In case you didn't know, I typically sleep on the second level of the Clubhouse, or at least a tier or platform high enough to be considered on par with other areas of the same kind

around the Clubhouse. It takes a ladder to get to me. This is basically what you need to know about that. That is why I can see everything on the ground floor so well. I saw her coming up, climbing that ladder. Her face came into view first, since her ears were drooping. She had a smile on her face, but she clearly wasn't in the best of moods. It seemed as though she felt sorry for me or something. Ugh.

She came close to me when she came up, and even got on the ground so she could hug me for just a few seconds. She looked at my emotionless face and sighed. I heard her say something to another Ham-Ham. I wasn't paying enough attention to know what she said, but I finally realized that Maxwell had come up behind her. Sandy got back up off of the ground and said something else, but it was directed to me this time. I made out the words "know", "felt", "sure", "Snoozer", and "didn't", in that order. I believed that I knew just what she said, and my response was enough to get her to smile before she and Maxwell returned to the first floor. I remember exactly what I said. It was "No one can predict how they will feel, and none of that was your fault. You shouldn't feel guilty." Ugh. I must have sounded so stupid saying that in my stupid voice. Having a lisp shouldn't be a bad thing, but I feel like I mumble my words and that I sometimes don't even talk loud enough to be heard by others. This feeling is what makes me hurt. I have friends that care and a good life and everything, but I feel so terrible anyway.

I can't keep track of anything anymore.

What do I do?

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Is anyone even around to listen? Is anyone there to hear my plea?

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I...

What am I going on about? ...I'm...going to sleep.

End
file.